

Huffernan P
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PHILOSOPHIC WHIM:

O R,
ASTRONOMY A FARCE.

IN THE OLD THESPIAN MANNER.

BEING A NEW AND HUMOROUS

DISPLAY OF THE UNIVERSE.

With proper ELUCIDATIONS; intimating,

- I. A moral and practical Antidote against the farther Progress of conjugal Infidelity among the Great.
- II. That the Institution of the *Spavoir Vivre* Club is not modern, but derived from a celebrated Hero of ancient Greece; with many other useful, instructive, and entertaining Articles; all respectfully dedicated to the Universities of *Oxford* and *Cambridge*.

By the AUTHOR of DRAMATIC GENIUS.

*primæque ab Origine Mundi
Ad mea perpetuum deducite Tempora Carmen.*

OVID.

L O N D O N:

Printed for G. KEARSLEY, at N° 46, near Serjeants Inn in
Fleet-Street. M.DCC.LXXIV.

PHILOSOPHIC WHIM:

O. R.

ASTRONOMY A FARCE.

IN THE OLD THEATRICAL MANNER.

WITH A NEW AND REVISED

DISPLAY OF THE UNIVERSE.

With proper FLUCIDATIONS; illuminating

A A modest and practical Application against the further Progress of conjugal
Inhabitation among the Great

It has the sanction of the Government of the United Kingdom, and is not modern, but derived
from a celebrated Hero of arms, and many other useful, instructive,
and interesting Articles; all of which are dedicated to the Universities of
Oxford and Cambridge.



By the AUTHOR OF DRAMATIC GENIUS.

Author of Original Dramas

And many other works of the same nature.

Ovid.

L O N D O N :

Printed for G. KEARSELY, at No. 46, near St. James's, in
Fleet-Street, M.DCCCLXXIV.

TO THE
UNIVERSITIES
OF
OXFORD and CAMBRIDGE.

Most learned and most illustrious Bodies,

ALTHOUGH the following production might, on a first cursory view, seem rather adapted for an Address to the Royal Society than to your supreme tribunal; yet, upon mature consideration, the indisputable right through eldership is yours; because neither that, nor any other similar institution, could ever have taken place but through your previous academic training up of youth, as well as that of the other teaching seminaries in Europe. Therefore this pro-

B

mulgation

mulgation of a new philosophical system, both as to the MATTER, and the *Manner*; yet to the full as good as any other, is, with the greatest propriety and decorum, presented as a tributary offering at your sacred shrines of literary dispensation, and chartered privilege for the stamping of true merit in fame: whether its advances towards you be made with a grave or laughing countenance, because strictly adhering to that oracular maxim of your *constituted* as I may say, and hope; your favourite poet among the Latins,

— — — — *ridendo dicere verum*

Quid vetat;

and that ye are likewise justly supposed not to have any antipathy against Horace's joy-diffusive maxim:

— — — — *Dulce est desipere in loco.*

From these two charming tenets hath arisen among the moderns, a new species of ingenious composition called

jeu

jou d'esprit; and the most eminent in that class of *mental sporting* is a French Work, entitled *LE CHEF D'OEUVRE D'UN INCONNU*. The main drift whereof was, and is, to elevate a very poor, and meagerly-written song, of forty lines, into the greatest importance, by a learned, witty, rich, and luxuriant variety of notes.

Its fame to exceed, or at least to rival, has long been the silently-meditated object of my ambition; and I now hope with that diffidence and modesty, which are so common to most Authors, that I have surpassed my predecessor as much by the executive part (that is truly my own, and therefore original) as I tower above him in regard of the subject chosen, both for its sublimity and extensive consequence.

In one article I mean to differ widely from the Frenchman, whether as *Matbanastus*, or *Monsieur de St. Hyacinth*; that is, not to keep myself concealed, or timidly to skulk behind the shield of obscurity.—No, so far from
it,

it, I glory to call this effort, **LE CHEF D'OEUVRE DE LA
VERITE' RIANTE—PAR UN CONNU**; and upon that presump-
tion it is that I dare avowedly to subscribe myself,

Most learned and most illustrious Bodies,

Your very devoted,

Most humble,

And sincerely-revering Servant,

PAUL HIFFERNAN, M. D.

ADVERTISE-

ADVERTISEMENT,

For the very curious and inquisitive Readers, as to the *why* and the *wherefore* of every Subject.

THEY are to be informed that, according to the primitive plan of A New Display of the Universe, it was to be delivered in the manner of the first dramatic attempts, when there was but one speaker, and the chorus danced or sung to relieve him at certain intervals, as between a first and second act or part, which may be done with this by any person intelligent of the business, either on the public theatres where money is taken, or in private schools or families for the entertainment of relations and friends. Such a practice would throw a great light upon that long-debated topic: it is a proper and wanted Supplement to the Essay on Dramatic Genius, of which Mr. Becket, at the Adelphi, will obligingly distribute farther Information.

As it was formerly the custom with Cicero and others to make choice of a proper name, and personage suitable, to deliver certain favourite doctrines, to wit, of a Cotta and others; so I was induced to do the like. But being a Christian philosopher, could not avoid fixing upon an orthodox name, and that too in one of the most powerful antagonists to error in the early days of faith; to wit, a PAUL! For which reason Sir Richard Steel dubbed him his Christian Hero. I was stricken with the aptness and energy of it; and having likewise heard of one bearing that name born in the West, who hath always been remarkable for treating the most arduous and difficult subjects in a gay and laughing manner, I immediately determined on calling my interlocutory Hero between the pauses of a supposed choral song or dance, Laughing Paul of the West. Now with this key any reader, though but of a middling capacity, if in the least improved, or hath ever seen an orrery, or the microcosm, may safely and scientifically proceed.

By the word laughing here is not meant the noisy tumultuous explosion of folly; but the calm placid laugh of cultivated reflexion; a treasure few are possessed of.

P O S T S C R I P T.

AGREEABLY to a leading doctrine of Aristotle that every work should have a Beginning, a Middle, and an End, and is the adopted opinion of all modern Story-tellers, the following Poem (but if the critics will not allow it to be one, let them give it what other name they please) is divided into three parts—The first, and beginning, alludes to the previously necessary formation of the earth before any thing could be acted upon it.—The second, and middle, shews the chief objects to be seen and admired from our terrestrial abode with the naked eye.—The third, and last, treats of those objects we are enabled to see by the help of glasses, which terminate the utmost stretch of human curiosity, and give birth to a concise, yet apposite conclusion.

The idea of any explanations that might be wanting, it has been thought, would be more clearly conveyed by the word Elucidations; the Sun and Stars being the principal objects: than by the opaque, scholastic term of Notes, Commentaries, &c. that savour too much of Monkish, and heavy German erudition.

C A N T O I.

The Black Joke is play'd by way of an Overture.

Enter the laughing personage with impurpled countenance, because
a votary of Bacchus, and whimsically accoutred.

On the table are two globes, a celestial, and terrestrial, between them
a large bottle and glasses, with other insignia, as a telescope, &c.

P R O E M.

The company's accostment.

HO!—here comes Paul!—his Learning now we'll prove.

R E P L Y.

Perhaps—o'er your weak heads I mean to move;
To shew with glee how this our world's display'd,
A finer view than motley masquerade:
For which methinks I'm pretty well equipt;
But from my purpose that no time be nipt
Let's haste to MATTER—without which great nature
Wou'd prove a non-existent, shapeless creature,

• • • • •

Void of dimension, figure, colour, form,
Small atoms blown about as in a storm,
Some driving that way, and some rushing hither,
Some up, down, oblique, all not knowing whither:
By th' old philosophers were snugly caught,
And into' a world most dexterously wrought.
Some say our earth the center is of all,
Round which the planets move, a mystic ball,

In

In dutiful attendance, they mean well,
With balanc'd movements as I ape HEINEL!

[Imitates her solemn manner of dancing.]

Others the blazing sun stick in the middle,
Subservient orbs jig round as to a fiddle.

A whimsical air.

Thus dance I to the tune of the spheres,
Minstrels play up, and tickle my ears.

There we go *East-on*,

Here we come *West-on*,

Now we drive *South-on*,

Last we rush *North-on*,

That is the grand point of attraction!!!

[To the musicians, seeming to have forgotten what they were about.]

Quick, *Altra Volta*, *Encore*, *Bis*, *Da Capo*,

Or on your damn'd cat-gut I'll give a rapo.

There we go *East-on*,

Here we come *West-on*,

To th' glass my grand point of attraction.

[Goes to the table for refreshment.]

Here might be introduced the first choral dance or song, by a
groupe of Bacchanalians celebrating the sacrifice of the goat for hav-
ing injured the vine.

Void of dimension, figure, colour, form,
Small atoms blown about as in a storm,
Some diving that way, and some rushing hither,
Some up, down, oblique, all not knowing whither,
By the old philosophers were faintly caught,
And into a world most dexterously wrought.
Some say our earth the center is of all,
Round which the planets move, a mystic ball.

CANTO

C A N T O II.

[Comes forward.]

WITH sage *Copernicus* since all agree ;
 Let's from our earth tell the fine things we see.
 Hail first, O sun, that with a cheering face
 Dost all thou look'st upon with colours grace :
 Resplendent object of my warm devotion,
 Whence I inhale each philosophic notion.
 Thou, when, the dog-star raging fierce, art dry,
 Hat'st not to kindly tipple ; nor do I :—
 And thus in reverence most lowly bow
 That on my *phiz* I've spots ! for so hast thou.

The next large orb, ripe subject for lampoon,
 Which without help we see—THE MAN I' TH' MOON !
 Who when broad-looking on our sea his bride
 Makes her green water spring to a full tide !—
 But as he dwindles from his large round face,
 The waters curtsy down to their due place !

'Tis *Sol* makes the day, and *Luna* the night,
 The one for bus'ness, th' other for delight :
 In kind succession they alternate range,
 " O day and night, but it is wondrous strange !"

And stranger still with credit to relate,
 An odd event as we all circulate
 Th' incumbent atmosphere still pressing down
 With weighty column on the human crown,
 While long—and vastly—round-about the road is,
 From our abode to adverse *Antipodes*.
 We perpendicular, th' earth sloping wheels ;
 'Tis not head over, but head under heels !
 As haps to many a rake that to his fav'rite reels.

[Goes to the table for a while, as at the end of the former Canto, to
 recruit his spirits with an exhilarating glass.]

Here might be the second choral dance, or song, or both inter-
 changeably, by the satyrs pursuing the nymphs, and representing the
 triumph of love.

D

C A N T O

C A N T O III.

[Advances with a Telescope in his hand.]

NOW from what we have seen with naked eye,
 Let's point to th' orbs with glasses we descry. [Points the tube.]
 Learn, next the *Sun*, (who *Bolus* take or *Pill*,)
 Your Friends, *Merc'ry* and *Venus*, follow still!
 Nought will I say of *Jup'ter*, *Saturn*, *Mars*,
 Th'etherial void, blue Heav'n, or lucid stars
 Or *Satellites*, 'twou'd waste our time away,
 So I dispatch with an *et cætera*.
 But in the *Zodiac* what amazing fights? [Points.]
 Some that are pretty, and some odious frights.
 The drizzly *Hyades* in number seven
 Soft, dewy lipp'd, mop-squeezing nymphs of Heaven!
 What pride shews yon high bearer of an arrow? [Points.]
 He trains our boys to shoot at school of Harrow.
 The crook-horn'd *Ram*! — arpoint thee pest, arpoint — [Points.]
 Thou long known patron of fam'd *Cuckold's Point*. —
 Grim looks yon type why many fret and tear! [Points.]
 An horrid monster like *Change-Alley Bear*.
 The *Irish* now have got on us the pull, [Points and laughs.]
 For as the *sky* so *London* has a *Bull*!
 Th'excentric *Comets* glare! — a nation quails; [Points and starts as affrighted.]
 They come, they go; and brandish fiery tails!
 [Throws away the Telescope.]

CONCLUSION.

But what vain pragmatic fellows are we,
 To thrust our thoughts farther than we can see;
 'Stead of enjoying to think of world-making,
 Ever presuming, be always mistaking.
 Some may have found truths, while others have mist-
 O'th' world, as to self, this is my new system,
 Not knowing how made — when begun — will end; —
 Sticks laughing *Paul of the West* to his bottle and friend.
 Here a grand festive dance by the four Elements; and *figuring Ap-*
pendages, with some favourite *Bacchanalian* song are to conclude.

E L U C I -

ELUCIDATIONS.

“THE Black Joke.”—All wou’d-be explanatory systems hitherto delivered by *philosophizing fools* to account for the *creation*, deserve no serious attention; are therefore to be treated as *jokes*: of all which, the *black* being my favourite, I have made an introductory choice of it.

“Whimfically accoutred.” The exhibitor is to have on him an Armenian dress, to impress on his hearers a greater sense of scientific dignity. On his right breast is to be emblazoned an epitomized map of the Heavens; upon his left, of the earth; and a belt emblematic of the *Zodiac* to be slung over his shoulder, in the guise of a modern ribbon, to constitute him a Knight of that denomination. It would sound as well as a *Knight of the Polar Star*, (a Swedish Order) would require no greater depths of knowledge; and to which dignity might be promoted, whosoever should prove themselves the most worthy, as is the customary practice of the Royal Society, from their now most erudite President, down to their most ignorant member; which would be a very difficult point to determine.—The exhibitor is also to have well furnished whiskers, marking brows, and on the fore part of an high-furred cap, a delineation of our sun, encircled by his Peerage, however distantly situate, the fixed and co-brilliant stars.

“Motley Masquerade.”—The frequency of this amusement would not be complained of; but might be converted to public utility, if something instructive were hieroglyphically pourtraied on the fancifully diversified habiliments, for the exercising an acuteness of mind in discovering the true, but latent meaning and designs of the several concealed existences.

“Let’s haste to MATTER.”—That is the question, and a ticklish one indeed.—To plain and unsophisticated intellects, it is whatever we can see or feel—while all that can be deduced from the many obscuring

scuring and voluminous tracts on this subject, amounts to no more than—First, What is *the matter*? efficient! Secondly, That is *the matter*: sufficient. Thirdly, I know nothing of *the matter*; deficient. Quite satisfactory! and very clear!

“By th’ old Philosophers were snugly caught.”—It is an unspeakable loss, and much to be deplored by the alchymical tribe, that no information has been transmitted to us of the liming, or inviscatory substance for catching the primordial atoms, and the plastic knack of *causing* them to take on and strictly cohere under whatsoever form the operating artist pleased; which secret (if we are to believe them) was well known to *Democritus, Leucippus, Epicurus, Lucretius*, and others duly initiated under their comprehensive auspices.

“Our earth the center is of all.”—Was the long received, but now exploded *Ptolemaic* system.—However, it must be owned in its favour, that it was a very complimentary doctrine in regard to our earth, and that the idea of planets moving about her in a mystic dance, was very pretty and obliging, as it is most happily expressed by one of our poets.

“From sphere to sphere communicates the dance,

“Whence all in Heav’nly harmony advance.”

What more exquisite allusion could be made to the planets on this occasion, than mentioning *Heinel*, the acknowledged Queen of graceful movements; whose admirable performance our young beautiful Opera-House frequenters were wont to clap with such tumultuous emulation! tho’ mostly out of time! but what of that? it shewed the violence of their zeal, and the true spirit of *Macaroni-ism*!

“Others the blazing sun stick in the middle.”—To wit, the adopters of the *Copernican* system; it is proclaimed to be the only true, in honour to which the solemn dancing of the above is suspended to introduce the quicker pacing of the jig-dance, for expedition sake.

“There we go East-on.”—Here, and in the following lines, the real and apparent movements of the Universe are united, without intending any offence to truth.

“That is the grand point of attraction.”—The expression here, whether considered in the *polar*, or the ministerial sense, must be allowed to be a masterly hit; and will probably excite much envy amongst the writing fraternity. For the test of the latter of the two meanings ascribed to it, let application be made to several patriotic members, if on passing near a certain well-known house in Whitehall, they do not feel on the sudden, an electric twitch as it were at the elbow,

C A N T O II.

"**H**ATEST not to kindly tippie." Lest the phlegmatic sons of sobriety should accuse this assertion of calumny, and declare it to be the wicked asperion of a wanton author thrown out disrespectfully upon that luminous body, it will make quite in favour of, and support the text, to quote the grand *Potation-doctrine* of philosophico-convivial antiquity, as first most elegantly written in Greek, by Pleasure's high priest *Anacreon*, and since not inferiorly versified into English by *Cowley*.

The thirsty earth soaks up the rain,
And drinks, and gapes for drink again.

The plants suck in the earth, and are
By constant drinking fresh and fair:

The sea itself, which one wou'd think
Shou'd have but little need of drink,

Drinks ten thousand rivers up,

So fill'd that they o'erflow the cup.

The busy sun, and one wou'd guess

By's drunken fiery face no less,

Drinks up the sea, and when h'has done,

The moon and stars drink up the sun;

They drink and dance by their own light,

They drink, and revel all the night;

Nothing in nature's sober found,

And an eternal health goes round.

For the truth of *spots* being on the sun, not only the learned, but very novices in astronomy declare; and that it is by their means only can be asserted what time he takes to turn on his own axis.

"The man i'th' moon." Who has not seen, gazed upon, and cried, O--- at him? Yet how much more emphatical would that exclamation be if they had known the wonderful effects of his large featured countenance? for it is with a prolific and extatified joy on beholding the extensive circumference, that, expansive ocean arises to congenially meet, and receive a kindly descending osculation through the yielding medium of the air, their friendly go-between: decency forbids to say, or hint any thing more.—The congress being over between planetary compressure, and fluid attractibility, as he separates

rates from a given embrace, the stupendous face gradually diminishes; and the satisfied waters of the sea politely lapse by repeated acts of an endearing adieu (until the next monthly and tender rendezvous) quite down to the usual districts of limitation. Surely this is the very quintessence of gallantry, of liquidated love, and good breeding, between high life and low life; flashes conviction: and is as good an elucidation of the subject as any that has been hitherto communicated, by either ancient or modern philosophers.

“Th’ incumbent Atmosphere.” How terrified would a fine lady be to hear, what a prodigious weight she must constantly undergo, and without whose incumbency there could be no living?—Our pretty, delicate, silky-complexioned gentlemen, would shrink almost into annihilation at so tremendous and overwhelming an idea. Therefore through a generous compassion for their enervate weakness, and constitutional imbecility, not a word more shall be said about it.

“To adverse Antipodes.” When their existence was doubted at Rome, where slept infallibility?

“Head under Heels.”—So in every four and twenty hours we are an up and down, a verified topsy-turvey people; and were it not for the gravitating pressure of the Atmosphere over our heads, &c. and magnetic effluvia from the Earth on our feet, we should be whirled away, and fly off at all points.—Another cause of wonder.—The most indolent lady and lolling gentleman, whether on a sofa, or any other indulgent situation, however they may fancy themselves to be reclined in the fondling lap of ease, speed every hour on our diurnal and annual whirligig, at the rate of many thousands of miles, which infinitely exceeds all Post Chaise dispatch, or Newmarket swiftness; they the while, as unconcerned and unreflecting as amorous flies on the top of a most rapidly driven coach, or on the deck of a chacing ship in full sail.

“To his fav’rite reels.”—To reel implies an idea not unrelative to the course of the *ecliptic line*; that of inebriation among mortals: and through whose sidling obliquity the hours, the days, the successive months, the year, and consequently life is revolved.—

C A N T O

C A N T O III.

"*MERCURY* and *Venus* follow still." And hence a well known practice upon earth, *Mercury* being the patron deity of pimps, and *Venus* that of harlots.

"*Et cætera*," Is the most convenient figure imaginable in the literary world to get speedily rid of prolixity and detail.

"The zodiac," Is a fancied circle of the celestial sphere, divided into twelve imaginary signs, each called after a particular being, human, or brute, and is derived from the Greek word *Zoon* animal.

"The drizzly Hyades." So called from another Greek word *Hyæ*, pluere, to rain: they are seven stars attended with frequent showers; hence the propriety of an allusive function here. They are also called daughters of Atlas in the fabulous history of poets; and like to them the female inhabitants of moist climates, as Ireland, for example, are said to have soft skins and dewy lips, their persons being remarkable for what the Italian painters call *la morbidezza*.

"High bearer of an arrow." *Sagittarius*! The anniversary classical game on a celebrated hill not far from London, and a rival in fame with that of Parnassus, for the many bright genii that have been educated there, is too well known by all the literary readers, to need any particular and circumstantial elucidations; it is hitched in here solely for the sake of giving the studious youth at that celebrated seminary a not unpleasing intimation from what an high original that part of their gymnastic emulation is derived, and not from the fifth *Æneid*, as some obsolete commentators would insinuate.

"The crook-horn'd Ram" calls to my remembrance a serio-ludicrous account in the *Spectator*, Vol. VIII. No. 614. "At East and West-Enborne in the county of Berks, if a customary tenant die, the widow shall have what the law calls her free bench in all copyhold-lands *dum sola et casta fuerit*, that is while she lives single and chaste: but if she commits incontinency she forfeits her estate: yet if she will come into court riding backward upon a black Ram, with his tail in her hand, and say the words following, the steward is bound by the custom to re-admit her to free bench,

"Here

" Here I am

" Riding upon a black ram

" Like a w—re as I am ;

" And for my *crincum crancum*—

" Have lost my *bincum bancum* :—

" And for my tail's game

" Have done this worldly shame,

" Therefore pray Mr. Steward let me have my land again."

Now in the present and too prevailing fashion of conjugal infidelity among the great, in order to prevent its farther spreading there, or descending to persons in low life, let an act by our new parliament be passed, compelling each delinquent wife, the *in flagranti* proved upon her, to march in procession from Westminster Bridge, mounted like the above dames, to Cuckold's Point, where a detachment on foot from the civilized and well spoken matrons of Bilinsgate should attend to address their back-fallen ladyships with a suitable remonstrance ; and testify for their having repeated the above formulary thus-altered and curtailed.

Here I am

Riding upon a black ram

Like a w—re as I am.

And for my tail's game

Am brought to this worldly shame.

And to farther punish the errors of her *crincum crancum*;

She for her future support is to receive no *bincum' bancum*.

But on the absolute condition that she appear not in any public place whether Church, Ranelagh, Pantheon, Opera, or Play-house, but with two emblematically intorted hairy dangles, one on each shoulder, to be called the *Ram-born Curls*, or *Adultery Locks*!—

" The Irish now have got on us the pull"—In the bay of Dublin there are two dangerous sand banks, the one called the North the other the South *Bull*, which have been the cause of many jokes from English visitors ; but surely it was as well founded a subject of laughter for the Irish repairing to this metropolis, to have seen a Bull, chief magistrate, and senatorial member for the City, which thence might be called *biceps Taurus* double-knobbed Bull, or still better, the *Wilk-Taur not fabulous*, a more defensible expression than Dr. Young's *The Centaur not fabulous*. It is well ridden, takes the

F

bridle.

bridle kindly, and seems proud of the burthen which it bears, as these Latin words most elegantly import :

——— *tanto seffore superbit!*

Now let not any arch wags, friends or foes to the member for Middlesex, distort their innocent meaning so far as to insinuate that by *them*, is sarcastically insinuated, that *Freddy* * is *super bit* by having had so heavy a tax saddled upon him.

But ere we have done with the article of centauring, let us say something of our British *Centauresses*, or ladies *equitant*, who among us moderns have greatly improved upon old *Chiron's* institution. He only joined the man and horse together; but European Belles, by making such violent encroachments on the dress of the males, have made a triple alliance among man, woman, and brute. These heterogeneous forms are to be seen, stared on, and wondered at, in Hyde-Park's celebrated Hippodrom; where the masculine air and forward deportment assumed by many of the fair sex, opposed to the *missy-ness* observable in many of the other, making a laughable contrast, might assure to the former a superiority in *action*,—but here we must stop as *Swift* often did, at an—*biatus magnus, et lacrymabilis*.

"The eccentric Comets glare." Various and equally absurd have been all the conjectures about those erratic vagrants, and their bushy blazing appendages, which according to some are held as itinerant reservoirs of water to be occasionally discharged on the face of the Sun, by way of a repressive cooler, when threatening to blaze forth in too violent a state of inflammation, and being consequently destroyed by a fiery disruption: which Heaven prevent; for then what must become of us poor bustling pygmies on the Earth?—others declare their being a vast magazine of packets to be carried from one solar system to another; and thereby to keep up an universal correspondence for the good of the whole: wherefore we shall say nothing more about them, but dock their entail for brevity-sake.—

"Stead of enjoying to think of world-making." Which would be just as sensible a proceeding as if a man, for whom an elegantly built palace with all concomitants for his happy residence were prepared, instead of sitting down to a full fruition of them, should betake himself to meditate upon the manner in which they had been made or how he might possibly have fabricated them.

* An endearing abbreviation for the name of *Frederick*.

But the judicious counter-agents to such idlers in misapplied reasoning, are the pleasurable assembly of practical and refined philosophers, known by that distinguishing denomination of the *scavoir vivre* club, which is not of modern institution, as hath been and is most ignorantly imagined; no, we may learn from the well informed and convivial Horace, who their great Prototype in Greece was,—guess learned readers,

Qui mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes.

Why he who had visited the cities, seen, and brought home the fashions of many nations, and was no less a man than *Ulysses of Ithaca*; who, as his worthy remembrancers have lately done by their prudent conduct, had in his time by dint of sagacious policy humbled all cotemporary *mobocs* in the swaggering person of *Ajax*; with whom, like to the rodomontading son of *Peleus*, one of that rude knock-em down fraternity, no respect for personages being had, whether a King or a Priest, an *Agamemnon* or a *Chryses*,

Jura negat sibi nata nihil non arrogat armis.

It was but a word and a blow upon every occasion.

But thanks to providence, and the *scavoir vivre* discreet generalship, we can now walk by night in peace, without the danger of being violently *charged upon*, and cruelly *levelled in the street*, the known terms of hostility, as had been some time ago attempted by certain now dispersed revivers of the barbarous *moboc* practice, of which see the account given in the *Spectator*, Vol. V. No 324.

“Bottle and friend” The favourite maxim of a select body on the Continent, called *La bande joyeuse*.

POUR REJOUIR LA VIE

LA BOUTEILLE ET L'AMIE.

N. B. The more this work is understood, by being often read, the more will it be relished.

————— *Decies repetita placebit!* —————

F I N I S.

But the book is not a mere collection of facts, as is the case with the "Lives of the Emperors of the East," which is not of the same kind, as has been and is now generally imagined; nor, we may learn from the well informed and convivial Mr. [?], who has been in Greece, was

Why he who has written the book, does not show the history of the [?] and was not a man of [?] who, as the [?] have lately done by their [?] and [?] of the [?]

ERRATA.

SINCE there has been hitherto no printed performance without; this ought not to be peculiarly quaint on that article; and therefore the asterisks in page 7 should have been placed after the following verse that begins

"Void of dimensions;" &c.;

where a line with a pen may be drawn to clear up the Author's meaning.—All minor literal slips or trips of punctuation are left for amendment to the penetrating sagacity of each critical reader; or assigned over to the total neglect of those who neither trouble their heads about, nor pay any regard to them.



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